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(SNP076) Virginia and Robert Kenney
interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed
by Sharon G. Marston

Virginia Kenney

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Shenandoah National Park

NARRATOR:	Mr. Mrs. Robert Kenney
INTERVIEWER:	Dorothy Noble Smith
PLACE:	Snead Farm--C.C.C. Mt. Boyhood
DATE:	September 8, 1978

TRANSCRIBED BY:

Sharon G. Marston

COMPLETED DATE:

November 12, 1980

R.K.: Want that off?

D.S.: It's on.

R.K.: I put it on.

D.S.: We are interviewing Mrs. Virginia Kenney who had lived in uh..
what is now Park land..Dicky Ridge. Tell us about it. When did
you move there and why?

V.K.: We moved there in '42. My husband worked for *Walter Carter*
on the orchard and Mr. Eli ^{Hoyt} Hoit lived there when we moved there.
We was there..we moved..let's see..three or four years then Eli..
wanted to fire Eli. He moved to Front Royal. We moved out of the
little house into the big house. We stayed there until '50. My
husband worked in the orchard picking the apples ~~until~~ and so forth
and so on. It was nice up there.

D.S.: I'll bet it was.

V.K.: It was really. In the summertime you had to have a blanket because
it was that cold up there. It was nice up on that mountain.

D.S.: Well now the Park was already in existance?

V.K.: Right..that's right it was already there.

D.S.: Had..uh..most of the people moved out of the park?

V.K.: Yea, almost everyone had gone out of the Park.

D.S.: Then how come was the orchard allowed to continue?

V.K.: Well it belonged to Walt Carter. See Walt Carter owned it..it belonged
to his father to begin with, and he got killed by a train and so Walter
just kept it on. He worked it and tended to it. And then in 1949 he
sold it to a man down here at ^{Bel} Meade..Lindon..the other side of
Lindon. He sold it to him. We lived at Lindon..we moved to Lindon
then and built a house and moved to Lindon. Then they kept it for

a while and then they sold it to somebody over in Rappahannock..
bought it. And then they kept it for a while, and then I think
the Park bought it then. The government. When they built that
big thing up on the hill..that light or whatever way up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Now you say most of the people had moved out..were there
any left? At all?

V.K.: Not as I know of..not up there..never seen any.

D.S.: Was it lonely?

V.K.: Yea. But it was nice. I liked it up there.

D.S.: Sure. What kind of apples did he grow?

V.K.: Oh he grew Yorks, uh *Pippins*, he had some grimes golden,
stahaman..let's see what other kind did he have. He had lots of
apples..the grimes golden, staman, yorks, , .

D.S.: How large an orchard was it?

V.K.: It was a right smart lot..big orchard. It runs from Dicky Ridge..
where you turn in at Dicky Ridge clean on back on top of the mountain.
Way on back. You know where that light is up there?

D.S.: Uhhum.

V.K.: It's back on the other side of that light where it goes to. And on
the whole way around. It was a great big orchard.

D.S.: Yea. What did they do with the apples there?

V.K.: They sold them.

D.S.: Sold them where?

V.K.: Over in Winchester.

D.S.: Oh, I see. Uhhum.

V,K.: Winchester Canning..over in Winchester. A lot of animals up there.
Coon..

D.S.: There were?

V.K.: *Coons* Polecats, possums, wildcats, bob cats, foxes. You could hear them hollar anytime of the night.

D.S.: Sure.

V.K.: I love to hear them hollar.

D.S.: I do too.

V.K.: Plenty of snakes.

D.S.: Yea, there were snakes. Were there any deer there yet?

V.K.: No, I didn't see any deer. No there weren't any deer.

D.S.: No, the deer hadn't come...the bear.

V.K.: I didn't see any bear either.

D.S.: But the people were coming along the drive weren't they.

V.K.: Oh yea. Oh Lord yes. It was full every Sunday. Just loaded with people.

D.S.: Did that bother you?

V.K.: No. because we was back in the orchard see.

D.S.: Did you have your own garden?

V.K.: Yes mam.

D.S.: What did you grow?

V.K.: Potatoes, beans, and cabbage, tomatoes, and everything..had a grape arbor up there too. Grapes on it. Had a barn..had horses. We had cows and pigs, chickens, turkeys. We raised lots of stuff up there.

D.S.: Did you...was there any electricity for you?

V.K.: No. Wasn't no electricity.

D.S.: No electricity..so how would you keep things then?

V.K.: We had a spring..spring box and what we kept we kept in the spring box. Milk in the spring box and the butter. Had no electricity.

D.S.: How did you keep your vegetables over the winter?

V.K.: We put them in a shed. We dug a place back in the bank and built what they called an underground cellar. Had a *door* and that's where we kept the apples, potatoes, and stuff that you keep.

D.S.: How about the cabbages? Were they good?

V.K.: Yep, they were good.

D.S.: Cause I have heard say..that the cabbages were the biggest that people have ever been able to grow.

V.K.: Oh, they grewed everything up there. Potatoes, beans, cabbage, corn, everything.

D.S.: Uhhum. The animals didn't bother it?

V.K.: No, see we had two or three dogs. One time we had a polecat get underneath the porch. And they got after this polecat and he made a stink. And oh, it stunk for a long time.

D.S.: Oh gosh yes.

V.K.: Yea, we had these old horses..one white horse and this *spray* *for the orchard* and his old hairs would turn yellow from the spray and Mr. Carter's sister would come up there and she would laugh at that old horse. She had a big time with that old horse because that old horse would turn yellow.

D.S.: Was it necessary to do much spraying?

V.K.: Yea. You had to spray to keep the bugs and the worms and things out of the apples.

D.S.: Cause I had heard there weren't that many bugs.

V.K.: Oh yes there was too. We had to spray. We sprayed with two or three different kinds of spray. See as the season would go along, we had a different kind of sprays to spray with, and then they had fresh

sprays for the bloom..when the apple bloomed.

D.S.: How about birds. Were there many birds?

V.K.: Yea, there were lots of birds up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Any particular kind?

V.K.: Well they had robins, and sparrows, and these little old blue birds, blue jays, and big old birds you know blackbirds. Had a few of them. Years, and there weren't too many of those things around. But there are plenty of them now.

V.K.
D.S.: Yea, there sure are. They had birds..they had a little bit of everything..squirrels.

D.S.: How about medication. Were you able to get to a doctor.

V.K.: Yea. We never was stuck up there. It snowed we came on down the mountain. I have a nephew and two nieces born up there.

D.S.: You do.

V.K.: Yea. Uh, Marie was born the 22nd day of January..it was snow about two feet on the ground..my husband and her daddy came to get the doctor. Well in the meantime she was born so I delivered her, cut the cord..dressed her..had everything done til the doctor got there. So all he did was look at her and put her back in the pen.

D.S.: Had you ever done anything like that before?

V.K.: Yes, I did it before.

D.S.: Oh, that was a break, wasn't it. Yea. Um..what were the inconveniences of living there?

V.K.: Well we didn't have too many inconveniences. We had a car so we just come to town. It would get foggy up there sometimes.

D.S.: Sure, right.

V.K.: Yea. It's been foggy up there. I've drove that mountain sometimes

when you couldn't see nothing. But you get used to the road see. And you would know about where you were going. We had to drive slow, but anyway ... I worked yet at Front Royal and drove back and forwards up there.

D.S.: You did?

V.K.: Yea.

D.S.: You know it seems sort of inconceivable knowing that everything was moved out of the park that that orchard was allowed to continue.

V.K.: Yea. Yea. But see when they taken that over they didn't take the orchard. But they didn't.

D.S.: Uhhuh. William Carter wasn't he one of...

R.K.: Walter Carter.

D.S.: Oh I was thinking William Carson..

V.K.: No, Walt Carter.

D.S.: Yea. Walter Carter. Um, I'm wondering why that was allowed to continue. And you never heard?

V.K.: Never did. Only his daddy owned it to begin with. And his daddy got killed and then Walter run it on.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea. Right.

V.K.: You know *Mrs. Justell*. You've heard of her I know. Runs a flower shop here in town.

D.S.: No.

V.K.: Well that's Walter's sister. That's the one that used to laugh at the yellow horse. She..Mrs. Carter ain't been too long died. She was 97 years old. The old lady.

D.S.: Oh boy. Yea, uhhum.

V.K.: I waited on her..tended to her a couple years ago.

D.S.: Uhhuh..uh just sort of run through briefly a normal day that you would have there..not a day going into Kront Royal, but a day any day you would get up of a morning what would you do...what would your program be.

V.K.: Well, the first thing we did was get breakfast, then we ^{milked} milked the cows and put the milk away and then from then on we'd wash and iron ten..work the garden..I sprayed up there..^{helped} sprayed the apple trees.

D.S.: You did,

V.K.: I got my broken foot and ankle. It was a cherry tree in the yard had this stone wall built up around the yard and I was up on a ladder picking cherries..they was spraying. And the limb broke, and when the limb broke I started down and had this foot off the ladder, then it went over the fence after the ^{limb} fence broke completely off. Caught my foot on the latter and broke my ankle.

D.S.: You two..it runs in the family..huh.

You said you did laundry. Without electricity how did you do it.

V.K.: Oh boy..on a washboard.

D.S.: A washboard.

V.K.: Then we bought a elec..gas washing machine. Put gas in it and washed.

D.S.: Washboard wasn't an easy job was it?

V.K.: No, Lord I washed all day long a many a time.

D.S.: Then would you boil the clothes?

V.K.: Boil the clothes and wash them again.

D.S.: That's the way they always used to do it.

V.K.: That's right. You washed them, you boiled them, you go back and wash them again. Then you rinsed them in two or three waters.

D.S.: Boy. I bet the spring water was good wasn't it?

V.K.: It was. Oh that was good water up there. It sure was.

D.S.: Yea? Now before you went up there had you known any of the people there?

V.K.: No, I never knew anybody that lived up there.

D.S.: Then you went in totally unequipped to handle the situation..right. They could have told you how to do things...

V.K.: Right. Right. Oh yea.

D.S.: How would you do your canning?

V.K.: it came with a uh...what do you call it .. an old uh .. like a pressure cooker .. an old canner that you canned in. Took the stuff three hours. Put it on the stove and boiled it three hours. And mostly we did like tomatoes, and peaches and apples..we did in an open kettle. But beans, we put it in an old canner they called it a canner and they put it on the stove and cooked it for three hours.

D.S.: What kind of a stove did you have?

V.K.: Had an old *Home Comfort* cook stove.

D.S.: Oh, yea.

V.K.: They was the best old stove there was. Those *Home Comforts* were.

D.S.: Sure. Right.

V.K.: We had lamps..when we got breakfast, I had to hold this lamp in my left hand at the stove to see how to cook breakfast.

D.S.: Yes. Because it was dark in the mornings it was dark. Right. And so what would you do of an evening.

V.K.: Well we had a radio. A battery radio. We listened to the radio..

read books, sit and talk.

D.S.: Did people come and visit you?

V.K.: Oh yea.

D.S.: I mean Park visitors, would they come...

V.K.: Oh, no, no. There was nobody...I think we was bout the only ones
that lived on the park then. Everybody else was gone.

D.S.: Yea, And so, the Park visitors wouldn't come down to see you.

V.K.: No. They'd never come. No.

D.S.: Drop by..No..Uhhuh. Yea.

V.K.: Visitors, on up around.

D.S.: Aside from the orchard were there many good size trees?

V.K.: Well some of them yes.

D.S.: It had been pretty well logged hadn't it...by the time.

V.K.: Well somebody had already gotten the logs out of it a long time
ago. Before the Park ever taken it over. See my husband worked
on the Park back on Big Meadows.

D.S.: He did?

V.K.: Big Meadows, he worked back there. When they first...when they were
building the Park. Yea, he worked back there.

D.S.: Uhhuh. What did he do? Uh, with the CCC's?

V.K.: Yea, with the CCC's.

D.S.: Great.

V.K.: Yea he worked..back on Skyland most of the time.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

V.K.: Well he's up here..he can tell you more about that than I can. Just
tell him the lady is here...about Dicky Ridge..He'll know.
now. But didn't live up there
Lived in Rappahannock when we were there. The Atkins'..yea.

lived way back up on the mountain. Way back up in there.


D.S.: Um. Atkins.

V.K.: Yea. Uhhum.

D.S.: The Atkins, most of them lived in the northern section didn't they.

V.K.: Yes, mam.

D.S.: I've been trying to get a hold of some Atkins..Well

V.K.: Well, there's some down at Lindon. Some here in Front Royal. Some
over in Rappahannoc there is just *Justices* Dodson's, and Atkins.
Lived on the drive. 

D.S.: Uhhuh. Could you give me some of the names here in Front Royal.

V.K.: Uh, shucks, this is one of the youngest ones.. But his mother..

where does his mother live Maggie Atkins, Ellis

Atkins, Ellis lives down at Lindon.

D.S.: Linden

V.K.: Linden

D.S.: Oh.

V.K.: Hoover lives here in Front Royal.

D.S.: Hoover

V.K.: Hoover Atkins.

D.S.: H O O V E R

V.K.: Uhhum.

Ellis Atkins

D.S.: E L L I S Atkins.

V.K.: Uhhuh. Well Eddie's kids live there. He's not there, anymore.

That's Ellis' brother.

D.S.: Because the Atkins' mainly lived along in Rappahannoc.

V.K.: Yea. Right. Right.

D.S.: So, they could help fill in some information which is good.

V.K.: Yea, Atkins', Dodson's, and Jenkins. Lived over in there.

D.S.: Uhhum. Now that's strange because there were Dodson's in Madison County.

V.K.: Yea. They are all over in there. Jenkins, Dodson's and Atkins', everywhere. Married one another.

D.S.: Uhhuh, Yea. Okey. Now you say you met these people after you came back.

V.K.: Oh yea. It's been about what..Thirteen years ago. See, my sister had a restaurant over there. Was called the McDonald's Frozen Treats..was on ll. 29 and ll going up the foot of the mountain before you go up on the mountain ^{almost to} Skyland Drive.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

V.K.: That's her restaurant. She sold it last August. And so.

D.S.: Did you have any major problems while you were up there...by yourselves.

V.K.: My father-in-law cut his thumb off cutting wood and I had to take him to Winchester. And I had to take him to Winchester. That's the only major thing we had, and I broke my ankle.

D.S.: Yea. How about with the snow. That didn't bother you.

V.K.: The snow didn't do much. You know we haven't had any big snows for a long time.

D.S.: We did last winter.

V.K.: Well back in 63 we had a big one.

D.S.: Yea. Did you ever know of any of the herbs that the mountain people used?

V.K.: No.

D.S.: Uh, what would you do if you had been bitten by a snake?

V.K.: Well the best thing you can do is cut it. Suck the blood.

D.S.: Yes

V.K.: My father killed a great big rattlesnake up there. See my brother-in-law and my husband..there was two houses up there...one lived in one and one lived in the other on the mountain.

D.S.: Oh, oh that was nice. Then you did have someone *close*

V.K.: yea. Right.

D.S.: And all of you took care of the orchard?

V.K.: Right.

D.S.: Boy that ~~must~~ have been a big orchard. You don't recall how many acres it was?

V.K.: No I don't remember. Robert knows that..he's coming in now. How many acres..it was a good size orchard. You couldn't drive up the mountain..they had rows this way through the orchard between the apple trees. Couldn't go up..had to go sideways with the spraying machine and the *two horses had* to pull the sprayer.

D.S.: Wow. Oh my gosh.

V.K.: Yea, we did have a telephone up there...

D.S.: Hi Mr. Kenney. We're having a fine old time here.

V.K.: This is Mrs. Smith. Sit down and talk on this thing here. She wants to know about when you worked on the Skyline Drive.

R.K.: I don't know exactly when..I want there in '40 or '41 I reckon.

V.K.: '46. No 30 something.

D.S.: It had to be in the '30's because that's when the CCC's were there.

R.K.: Oh you talking about the CCC's. I thought you meant the orchard.

V.K.: The orchard too, but the CC camp..when you worked the CC camp.

D.S.: Uh, which camp were you with?

R.K.: Camp I.

D.S.: Camp I. Okey.

R.K.: Right the other side of .. what do they call it .. Skyland.

D.S.: Right.

R.K.: They got some cabins and things up there.

D.S.: What did you help do?

R.K.: Work on the drive.

D.S.: You worked on the drive. Building the drive itself or building the
stone walls...

R.K.: Not the walls, but the spreading of gravel on the parking lots.
Digging ditches along side of the main drive.

D.S.: Right. Uhhuh. Now did you while you were working there..there were
a lot of mountain people left...

R.K.: Yes mam. A lot of them I didn't know now.

D.S.: Yea, I know, but did you ever visit any of them.

R.K.: No, not after I left there.

D.S.: No, no, No!! While you were there.

R.K.: Well we was in barracks you see we'd eat in the mess hall.

V.K.: She's talking about the people that lived on the drive.

R.K.: Ah, no. There was only one family that lived on the drive when I
was there. See they made them move off and I never visited them.
But they moved them off while I was in there. I think that was the
last ones.

D.S.: Yea. What year did you join the CCC's.

R.K.: It must have been '36 I reckon. I'm not sure now. Maybe..it was

earlier than that I reckon.

D.S.: Well there were still quite a number of families left there.

R.K.: Yea, well you see I was only close to this one family.

D.S.: What was the name?

R.K.: I can't remember that ^{name} either.

D.S.: Where did they live?

R.K.: They lived between the barracks and Skyland.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Did you visit their home?

R.K.: No, No mam. No. Huhuh, no.

V.K.: That was in '34

R.K.: I reckon it was in that time.. '33 or '34.

D.S.: Shame on you..go back and visit their homes, because that's what I want you to do.

R.K.: Oh gosh. I don't know..they could be dead or I don't know what by now.

D.S.: OH, I now. While they were there it would have been fun if you had.

R.K.: Well, I was a mountain *hossier* to start with so the mountain didn't *matter to me* me, cause I was born and raised in the mountains anyhow..so.

D.S.: What mountain?

R.K.: Over here in Faquier County. At Locus Mountain..called it Big Hollow, Wild Cat and around a Rattlesnake, and a Raven's den. Oh a lot of them are night hunters *a lot saw all of them* and hunt in the daytime squirrels and rabbits at a place called High Top. That belonged to a man name of Johnson's Place I always heard it called, but the real name for *starting out* I don't know, but High Top I've heard that name ever since I was a boy. It was a high hill

and a small mountain and that's what they called it then.

D.S.: Yea. You say you were a mountain boy.

R.K.: Yes mam.

V.K.: Born and raised in the mountains.

D.S.: Your family was it a large family or a small family?

R.K.: Four of us. Two boys and two girls.

D.S.: How about schooling. Did you have a regular school that you went to.

R.K.: Yea, Fire Run...Some of them called it Hitch School.

V.K.: How many miles did you walk to school.

R.K.: Oh, four or five miles. Walk to school

D.S.: Four or five miles to school. Oh boy yes. Did you have to go all through the winter?

R.K.: No, now I didn't go to school regular. When it was work to do you done, it. And sometimes it was bad and the snow..when wintertime come those days it stayed winter until spring of the year came.

D.S.: Uhhuh, right.

R.K.: Then, when work time came..well I went to work. Peaches and apples, and corn shucking was the uh..was about all there was in through there. Cut some bushes or wood in the winter time. Am I talking over this thing now...

D.S.: You sure are. Uh, I asked your wife and she didn't know, and maybe you would know...did your mother know any herbs to use when you were ill.

R.K.: Uh, yes, they used catnip to make catnip tea.

D.S.: For what?

R.K.: I think that was to break the..break out the measles on you..hives..

one or the other. And then they had *a*

V.K.: They had a thing called a *yarrow* that they made a poltice out of to put on you. They..I don't know what they put in it. Put vinegar, flour and made a poltice out of it. Had a sore on you.. put it on you to draw this stuff out of the sore.

D.S.: Okey. Poltice for sores.

V.K.: Then one time..it's been a long long time ago. People had the itch.

Well they used sulfur and lard for that. Sulfur and lard..mix it together and *put in an to stop you scratching* for that.

D.S.: Did you ever hear of using turpentine and sugar for sore throat?

R.K.: Yea..Yea..

D.S.: Did it work?

V.K.: Yes. My daddy used to give us that.

R.K.: And they'd also use a..they'd give you sugar and kerosene too. If you'd have the croup or something..in children..to make it break loose.

D.S.: It sounds as though you all are trying to kill yourselves.

V.K.: A snake bit my brother one time and uh..daddy used snake weed..Little copperhead snake..the snake went in the..my daddy got snake weed..my granddaddy came down there and put it in milk and boiled it..put the poltice to your foot and drank the milk.

D.S.: Oh.

V.K.: Drank the milk and put the poltice leaves down to your foot.

D.S.: And did it work?

R.K.: Yes it worked. There was a lot of people that went to a long ways

to my uncle to get to work on a snake bite.

V.K.: Oh, I had one of them one time. I don't know what I ever done with it. Had it in a book. Might still be here somewhere.

D.S.: And you drink the milk.

V.K.: Yes, mam.

D.S.: Huh! I guess that would sort of ..

V.K.: Do something to you...

D.S.: Yea..help your system. Fight it.

R.K.: Went in your blood you see and you had to....a snake a bad bite ^{of a snake} is
a dangerous thing. Them old copperheads and rattlesnakes...

D.S.: Gee, that is fasinating. When you were young, did you have a doctor that would come there to the mountains?

R.K.: Dr. Munson.

D.S.: Dr. Marchin..

R.K.: Dr. Munson..M U N S O N..from Linden.

V.K.: I've got his picture.

D.S.: Really..you do. Would he come regardless of when you called.

R.K.: As soon as he could get there..he had *that, go through Linden to get there.*

Now I'll tell you there was a lot of them down there..that old Doc he rode night and day nearly. Through snow and other things. Rode an old gray horse.

D.S.: Oh, boy.

R.K.: Yea. It was kind of tough.

D.S.: Yea. How would you get in touch with him. If you needed him.

R.K.: Well someone would go to Linden after him. Had no phone there you see. It was..I think the *Baisters* had a phone at one time. But

in later years that went down .. now they got them going all over the place now. But it would be somebody going to Linden or somebody would go for you. Get on a horse and go get a doctor for you.

V.K.: (We all had the flu..everyone of us at one time and this old doctor ride that old horse out there..I forgot how old I was..anyway I wasn't very big. *all of us had it.*
He'd come every day.

R.K.: There was a lot of people died with flue too. Called it the influenzee. A lot of them did die with it. So they tell me..now I remember it..I had it too I guess..my dad he was bad off with it. Great day, he lost weight and..

D.S.: When you were growing up..how did you take care of your vegetables, in the winter..Did you dig a...

R.K.: Bury them...

D.S.: a trench and put a straw in the bottom...

R.K.:That's right. Yes mam.

D.S.: How did you cure your hams?

R.K.: But them in a wooden box and put salt on them. Just lay down..They'd put all the bone meat..you know ham and shoulders put them on the bottom..then they uh..well some of them called it fatback but it was the(side meat) side meat you know and you sprinkled that with light salt .. didn't put as much on it .. Then your sparebone..things you didn't can... you'd lay that on top and sprinkle some salt to that and some of them would mix salt and black pepper together and put on it. Rub it you know and lay it down and about six weeks they let it stay there and you take it off and clean that salt off and wash it and put stuff on it to keep the skippers out of it. Sew up a

V.K.: That was boric acid.

R.K.: And uh tie a string around it tight and put a wire through the hole in the ham and hang them up on a beam in the meat house.

D.S.: How about beef? Was there much beef eaten?

R.K.: No. Not where I was at.

V.K.: In the wintertime we used to have beef. *When we lived* ~~But it was~~ on a farm. And it was so cold then that you could cut the beef and hang it in the meat house..kept it frozen. Kept it hanging up in the meat house.

R.K.: I didn't like beef until I got older. My peo..I don't know..smell a piece of beef..oh, that old stinking beef you know. And hog meat was about all they eat. They eat hog, chicken, turkey,

D.S.: Fish.

R.K.: yea, fish. And squirrel, rabbit, groundhog, coon, stuff like that.

D.S.: How would you cook the coon?

R.K.: Well she boiled it, then fried it. I remember one time she boiled it til it come off the bone and taken a sausage grinder and ground it up and put sage seasoning..just like you did sausage, made cakes out of it like that.; and, it was good.

D.S.: I bet it was. Cause that's what we eat in those days. But that wild meat now..I don't know..it's just went against me. And nothing has got the right taste to me like it did when I was a boy coming up.

D.S.: Well, remember you were a lot hungrier because you were a boy working hard...

R.K.: Yes mam. I reckon

D.S.: All young people living in the mountains had to work very hard.

R.K.: It was. It was a tough life.

D.S.: It was. But it was a wonderful life.

R.K.: It was a happy life. You know we done better..one would try to help

the other, but now they will help to take it away from you.

D.S.: Yea. I'll bet there wasn't any stealing was there?

R.K.: Not too much, of it. Now and then you'd find somebody that wanted something. Some of them would do something for devilment sometime, you know. Like there was one old fellow down there, called him Mr. Fox..I didn't..I might have seen him, but it's been a long long time ago. It's John Fox..well he stole a piece of meat and he hung it up in a tree along side the road where he could get it when he come back from work you see..and somebody got it and he said you can't put down nothing for a damn *rogue*. He'd done stole it himself.

V.K.: Oh, there wasn't half as much went on then as it does now. No indeed.

D.S.: No. No. No there wasn't. Uh..what would you do of an evening there in the mountains?

R.K.: Well now, when I come back from school maybe we'd have to get in some wood..then we'd learn our lessons some, and sometimes I'd go to my traps or go out and rabbit hunt or something, when we get back.

D.S.: Uhhuh. How about music. Was there ever anybody playing a guitar?

V.K.: His daddy played a uh..banjo

D.S.: banjo.

R.K.: Yea. He was a banjo picker.

D.S.: Was it a hand made banjo?

R.K.: No it was a..uh..regular banjo.

D.S.: He bought one?

R.K.: Yes mam.

D.S.: Because you know some banjos were made using possum...

V.K.: Yea..using possum *hide* .

D.S.: Yea. Right. And they said it had a good tone to it.

R.K.: Well now..he had a hog bladder one time..had a great big old hog and he taken and tanned that bladder and put the hog bladder on and it didn't hold up very long..so we gutted a groundhog..my grandmother could tan them...they taken that hide off somehow another...

V.K.: Put them in ^{some kind of} ashes and take the hair off of them..What do you call it..

D.S.: Sure.

V.K.: Take put that hide on the banjo. My grandmother used to make gloves. To make gloves..didn't have any fingers in it..didn't have no thumb in it. Just the glove went over the hand to right here. Out of groundhog hides. Came up to about right here.

D.S.: Umm...Sort of like mittens?

V.K.: Yea. Uhhum. Didn't have any fingers. The fingers stuck out..the thumb stuck out. But she'd make that gbve and put it on our hands. Out of groundhog hides.

D.S.: Uhhum. Were they soft?

V.K.: Uhhum. They lived way back in the mountains..they did. On top of a mountain.

D.S.: Um. Gee. Well how about moonshining. Did you ever see anybody ...

R.K.: Yea. There was a lot of mmoonshine through that way...them days.

D.S.: Well after all it makes sense that it was. Because it was a lot easier to carry a keg of whiskey than barrels of apples.

R.K.: Oh yes mam. Then there was a lot of apples you see. It was a lot of trees that come up. They called them seedlings you know. Then people did plant small orchards..and some of them had good size orchards. Some people had good orchards. Them days when I come out you just taken a *grading* table. It was made of wooden slates or something and you'd make this table and carry it and you'd pick nine trees..

about nine trees right around this thing..bring it in a sack and pour it in there and they'd grade them there and head them right in the orchard and then they ^{take a wagon and} haul them right to depot and didn't have a ~~package~~ ^{packing} sheds at that time, but later on they built packing sheds..put them in it. Then they'd also dig apple holes and put apples in the ground too, to keep. Some had basements.. some had little bit of a basement you know and if it was a rich man..had a big basement.

V.K.: Used to cut ice..take it in there and put it in the ice house.

D.S.: Oh yes. That's right.

V.K.: Pack it in straw in the ice house. Ice in the winter..ice would be that thick. Course you don't have ^{that anymore}.

D.S.: No. No.

R.K.: Yea. They'd dig a hole in the ground along side of the creek. They'd dig a hole in the ground and make a ditch from the creek out to the pond. Then when they got enough water in there..they'd block that ditch right beside the creek with boards and rock and mud and stuff to keep water from going in so it would freeze quicker you see... standing water.

D.S.: Sure. Yea. Yea.

R.K.: And it would freeze quicker. Then they'd cut it out and had these old ice hooks that they'd drag it out with .. put it in the ground. Under a building ^{ice house}. Bottom of this ^{ice} house that would be a full basement there..would call it now a days you see. And they'd put ice and put straw on it..keep it. You go there in the summer. somebody would have one and you'd go get a piece of ice and you take rags and something another

and wrap it up so it wouldn't melt til you got back home with it. And it was some..it was a Mills down there that had fever and the doctor told them to give him ice water. The spring was close to the house..his wife .. she was off in the head..so she went and got a chunk of ice in the spring..everybody can have ice water. That was true. Yea, that was true. Now everybody can have ice water.

D.S.: Oh, beautiful.

R.K.: But now, that was the truth.

D.S.: Did people know how to do grafting with their apples?

R.K.: Oh yes mam. Yes. That was something that went on too. And budding Take a peach tree bud and bud the peach tree, with it. My uncle showed me how to do grafting. I've did a little bit of it. Just to experiment with you know when I was a boy. Just try it and I could get one apple on the other apple tree. But then they do sell apple trees that's already grafted. Now you know. Several different kinds of...

D.S.: Sure, right.

R.K.: Apples on it. And it's grafted.

D.S.: Did you..How did your family make money? To buy things?

R.K.: Well you'd work for somebody that had something for you to do...just like I said..picking apples, shucking corn, raised turkey..chickens.

V.K.: Cutting bushes..

R.K.: Cutting bushes. Selling eggs, picking berries.

D.S.: Would they give you cash for your items?

R.K.: Oh yes. Or you could take in trade either one. But you'd take it to the store and whatever they give you for the eggs well you just put

it on your groceries.

V.K.: Sometimes they would give you what they called a due bill.

D.S.: Yea, right.

R.K.: Right.

D.S.: That was a most common method.

V.K.: They'd give you a due bill...

D.S.: And you'd build up this credit with them. And then you could buy what you needed.

V.K.: You know what the first checks were wrote on?

D.S.: No.

V.K.: Bark.

D.S.: Oh uhhuh.

V.K.: First checks were wrote on bark.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. See that going through a computer.

R.K.: Yea. I heard my dad say..he used to work for a Dr. Elliot andhe said uh..he'd want a check..made shingles them days..you know home made shingles..made out of chestnuts.. split them..rise them...shave them out..he said you'd just pick up a shingle and write on that thing.. take it and get the money.

D.S.: Uhhum. Right.

R.K.: I reckon..they didn't go to the banks though, because there wasn't no banks close to them..they'd just take it to a grocery store you see where they dealt at and that man would hold it as a check you know and uh then he'd go pay him up.

D.S.: Uhhum. Yea. Um...oh gosh there are so many questions I want to ask you.

V.K.: She wanted to know how big the orchard was up on Skyline ...

D.S.: Yea, how...

R.K.: I think it was a hundred and twenty five acres..I believe.

D.S.: 125

R.K.: I believe. I think so...now I'm not sure.

D.S.: And you don't know why that was kept ~~when~~ the Park took over?

R.K.: Well it ^{was the} fruit you see, and the guy that owned it I guess didn't want to sell it..cause that was where he made his living.

D.S.: Right.

R.K.: But later on while he sold it to BelMeade Packing Company down here below Linden to a fellow Griskey..

V.K.: That's right his name was Griskey.

R.K.: Harry Griskey. And uh...when Mr. Carter sold it why I worked for Cooper Griskey..I still stayed there until Griskey went broke then some man from

V.K.: Over in Rappahannock

R.K.: Over in Winchester...

V.K.: Was it Winchester?

R.K.: Griskey had owed him money and he held the mortgage on it .. then he sold it to a man in Rappahannock. Then I think he sold it to another guy..Steed..was the last one that I knew of..then later on..

D.S.: ^{Judge} Jeff Steed..?

R.K.: Yes mam. I think so. Yea. Then...

D.S.: Did you live in that big old house that Judge Steed lived..they keep talking about..

V.K.: Up on the mountain?

D.S.: Yea.

V.K.: We lived in the big house up there.

R.K.: We lived in both of them.

V.K.: Lived in both of them. Lived in the little one first. Then moved in the other one.

D.S.: What was the big house like? They are trying to reconstruct it.

V.K.: Let's see..how many rooms did that thing have..one two three four five..had six rooms in it.

D.S.: Six rooms.

V.K.: Uhhum. Had a porch all the way across the front of it. Had a little one across the side that went into the kitchen.

D.S.: Was it a stone house?

V.K.: No mam. It was wood.

D.S.: Uhhum..wood.

V.K.: Uhhum. It was made of that little old narrow panneling

R.K.: Well now

V.K.: It wasn't panneling like they have now. It was this *tongue + groove* stuff...was inside of it.

D.S.: Uhhum. Yea.

V.K.: But the walls were made of it inside

D.S.: Isn't that stupid that now they are trying to reconstruct the house after they tore it down.

V.K.: Why did they tear it down? They were good houses.

D.S.: I know, but the reason they tore it down was because people would come back.

V.K.: Oh, I see. Stay in them huh?

D.S.: Uhhum. And it was to keep that from happening.

V.K.: But they were good houses.

D.S.: They were.

V.K.: And they..after we left from up there they put electricity up there.

They had a barn, and a packing shed. Hen houses..atleast..had two houses on it.

D.S.: Well when we get through the tape maybe you could draw a little outline of where the buildings were. Could you.?

V.K.: Well..maybe from here to the tree from Dicky Ridge you went through the gate at Dicky Ridge one of them..the first one was. That was the little house..then on over there they had a packing house and a stable and the other house.

D.S.: Yea.

R.K.: That was called *mark* Mills.

V.K.: ~~Had~~ *mark* Mills ~~on~~ *had* it to begin with. The little house. But he has a granddaughter..works here at the hospital and she was a *Welsh*. And she married a Curry. She works here at the hospital. I don't know whether she remembers

R.K.: Excuse me. Have you talked to someone else that used to live up there on the Skyline Drive?

D.S.: You are the 71st interview I've done.

R.K.: Must have been a lot of people that lived there then.

D.S.: Yes there were 475 families all together...

V.K.: Great day in the morning.

R.K.: That's ~~what~~ lived in *Hawman* Hollow and all around there.

D.S.: Right. Yea. From Waynesboro to Front Royal.

V.K.: The owned it..down behind the hollow. They owned it one time. That had corn..they planted corn up on that mountain. I never seen how they done it with all the rocks up there. But they raised the corn.

D.S.: Oh yea. Um, mainly the farming that was done in the northern section they used plows didn't they?

V.K.: Yes. Horses and plows.

D.S.: Horses and plows..right. Umm..how about applebutter boiling when you were growing up?

R.K.: Oh yea. Made a many a kettle of it.

D.S.: Yea. Did you do it in the evenings?

R.K.: No, you start early in the mornings..you cook it until night..dark.

D.S.: Okey. Did you make sort of a party out of it. All the neighbors get together and...

R.K.: Well be so many would want to make it...maybe a couple or three families. Maybe some place where the neighbors were closest..they would do it too. All of them make it at one place. Maybe a couple families.

V.K.: We still make applebutter sometimes.

D.S.: YOu do?

V.K.: Yea, I have some down in the basement I made 15 years ago.

D.S.: You know, I've heard of one place that made applebutter so thick that you would cut it.

V.K.: Yea. *That's the way we* used to make it..you had to take a knife and cut it.

R.K.: Made it on top of the stove. My mother has made a many a gallon of applebutter on top of the stove.

D.S.: And then you just cut it and add a little water to it.

R.K.: Yea. That's the reason they called it butter, because it was stiff enough to cut with a knife, I imagine. Now a days you can fork it on a plate and it will run off.

D.S.: Right.

V.K.: They don't cook it long enough.

D.S.: Right they don't know how to make it now a days..that's for darn sure.

When you made your applebutter did you have a fellow and girl on each end.

R.K.: No, we just had one stirrer.

D.S.: Oh, you missed all the fun. They had a fellow and girl on one side one each side and if the paddle touches the side of the kettle you get kissed. Sae you missed all the fun.

R.K.: Many a one touched it then wasn't it?

V.K.: You know they used to have butcherings. What I liked about it. Not around here. I was in West Virginia. And they would have butcherings.

We would get it
All done in one day. Every bit of it done in one day. I really liked them. The butcherings we used to have.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhum. Yea. And there was a lot of good eating during that.

V.K.: And we used to have quilting parties. They'd quilt, *women come to the house and quilt.*
They don't do that stuff anymore.

D.S.: No they don't. How about shucking corn. When you did that..was that sort of a neighborhood affair.

R.K.: No..sometime..if somebody just had a small piece..but sometimes a person would have several acres out you know and you'd get so much and you'd shuck it by the shock..get so much the shock..or they'd give you so much the day and you'd shuck it..what they called the shucking *big*. And I've seen them made out of wood. They take a piece of wood and make it..put a piece of string around it and knots around the pin that went through your hand and make a

V.K.: Should be some here somewhere.

R.K.: Yea. I've got some of the old time shucking *pens* here somewhere.
I don't know where they're at..but..

D.S.: Really

(I think one of them is in your mom's pocketbook, or something, or
your grandmother's pocketbook.)

R.K.: It might be baby..it might be.

D.S.: Um. Did you get anything if you got a red ear?

R.K.: I got a what now?

D.S.: Did you get anything if you got a red ear?

R.K.: I don't know what you mean.

D.S.: A red ear of corn.

R.K.: Oh, a red ear..oh yea..I forget what they did call that but it was
something if you got a red ear of corn..yes mam.

D.S.: Yea, what would you get?

R.K.: I don't know..it was something, but I don't..I forgot.

V.K.: You know you used to get what they called an indian corn..blue, red,

D.S.: Uhhum, yea.

V.K.: Yea. But they got the solid red ear of corn.

D.S.: Yea, solid red ear.

R.K.: Yea. I remember..

D.S.: Sometimes you got a kiss..sometimes you got a drink.

R.K.: I forgot what it was, but I do remember it, since you mentioned it.

D.S.: Uhhuh. I've heard it tell that some fellows used to carry a red ear
in their pockets just to make sure they got it...

R.K.: Well, that sounds like it too. Yea, that sounds it too..

D.S.:

R.K.: Yea, that sounds like it would be done.

D.S.: Yea, right. Well uh, with your..did you do much fishing?

R.K.: No, only in these creeks. I think I went..oh, a couple times
on the river. I went over here on...I don't think I fished then..
I just went on the river with a guy that did fish. I was a boy..
over on the Shenandoah..

D.S.: Uhhuh.

R.K.: I went down on the Potomac when I lived up on the mountain.

D.S.: Was there much visiting back and forth...in the mountain..between
neighbors? How far was your nearest neighbor?

R.K.: Oh, I'd say a mile.

D.S.: A mile. Did you visit back and forth much?

R.K.: Oh yea. We went pretty near every day..at nights..my aunt lived
there.

V.K.: Not up on Dicky Ridge.

D.S.: No, not on Dicky Ridge.

R.K.: No, this was down in Facquire County.

D.S.: Uh..Right..Oh boy what else was I going to ask you. Um something ^{to do with} ~~in~~
fishing...oh..what toys did you play with, when you were a little
boy?

R.K.: Well, you'd get a cap pistol..is about all you'd get. Or maybe some
firecrackers..and you'd make something your own self out of a snuff
box lids and dry the whole on the stick and make you a little old
wagon out of that. Pull it. Then my dad made me a wooden wagon. Sawed
down a gum tree and .. oh a box about that thick .. and take a

auger or boring

bit and bore a hole in the center of it and make you a wooden axils. And put that on there and drill a hole in it and put a pin ~~down~~ through it. And older people..my uncle he had an old wooden two wheeled wagon..like an ox cart and what he used for axil grease was thin cow manure. Put on the hooves. That's right. Just anything at all.

V.K.: I know we used to ride a lot of stick horses.

D.S.: Oh yes.

V.K.: Had sticks named.

D.S.: Had them what.

V.K.: Had them named.

D.S.: You did.

V.K.: We had..most houses fenced..a wooden fence. Out of boards. We'd put them horses up there. They had to go in the right stall. Had them named and everything.

D.S.: Yea. Did you play much marbles?

R.K.: Oh yes mam. Yea it was another game. Playing marbles. Then we'd shoot what we called the bean..gravel shooter. Take a piece of old intertube you know and cut strips of rubber about so long had a fork stick..tie one to one fork and one to another and bring it back here to a piece of leather and pull it and shoot at a target..birds or anything. I'd get a lot of walnuts..I mean acorns...

D.S.: You were telling about a toy you had.

V.K.: We used to make doll babies out of corn stalks.

D.S.: Yes, yes. How did you make those?

V.K.: We..for the body it wasn't but about that long, we had the legs, we'd peel *the top* to make the head..take a pin in it for its

eyes..metal piece for its mouth, then we'd make clothes and dress them.

D.S.: Yes. They were nice dolls...

V.K.: Yea..then my mother would take an old sock..unravel the top of it you know and make doll babies out of a sock...make the arms..

D.S.: Did your mother make most of your clothes..

V.K.: No. well she made some of them..she didn't make them all.

D.S.: How about your mother...did she make most of your clothes?

R.K.: Yea. She was a sewer..she'd make quilts..oh she could do anything, with a needle. Just sit there and work her fingers and talk to you.. just go on with that needle.

V.K.: She'd make pants, shirts, britches, coats...

D.S.: How about the material..where would your family get the material? Where was the nearest store?

R.K.: Well the nearest store was Linden or Piedmont..I guess.

Wasn't much difference in them, I don't imagine..

D.S.: Yea. When you had grain or corn to be ground..you'd take it to the miller, right?

R.K.: Yes mam, on a horse.

D.S.: Yes. those poor horses. Um, did you pay the miller or did he take one tenth?

R.K.: I don't know the amount he taken..but otherwise you could take a bushel of corn down there and you could trade him corn on the grinding. Enough corn to grind you..I think it was 48 pounds for the bushel of meal and 60 pounds or 56 or 60 for the bushel of corn. It would grind out about 48 pounds. I think that's the way they had it them days. I think so.

V.K.: You know there's some moonlighters right over here that used to grind that corn.

D.S.: Really. Gosh. You know that was good corn meal. It's hard to find corn meal now.

V.K.: *You have to* get the husks out of it, but it was good corn meal.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Did you ever make ash cakes. Or taste ash cakes?

R.K.: Now, I never did that. I've seen it done or hear'd of it being done you know. Wrap a cabbage or something another around it..a cabbage leaf.

D.S.: Well, they used to make just sort of like a corn pone and stick it in the ashes. And then they'd flip the ashes off and it was the best thing

V.K.: I never seen that bake, but I've seen them wrap potatoes and stuff in cabbage leaves, and stick them in a fire and bake them. And I've seen my daddy take the ashes pan..we had a stove..thing under called an ash pan..we'd rake the ashes up and put corn in there and roast it.

D.S.: Um! I bet that was good wasn't it. Yea. How long would you roast it, do you remember?

V.K.: Oh, I don't remember, it's been so long ago.

D.S.: I know it.

R.K.: They'd leave part the shuck on it you see. Roast it with the shuck on it.

V.K.: It was a stove and it had four lids on it and two *doors* where you open the oven up. It had this little thing up front that had holes in it and this pan was out front..front of the stove. Rake these fire coals into this pan.. *on top of* the stove was iron. Put the corn in there and roast it.

R.K.: I think they called it the hearth of the stove.

V.K.: No, we called it the ash pan..where we carried the ashes out of the front of the stove.

R.K.: Well, the hearth of the stove.

V.K.: But then later on they had a pan underneath of the firebox, where you pulled it out.. *Just rake it out* ..I think it was about that deep.

D.S.: Do you feel that your mother worked a lot harder than the women do now.

R.K.: Huh! I reckon so.

D.S.: Did she have time to relax of an evening?

R.K.: Well she was a hard worker. When she laid down..she was sick.

V.K.: When she wasn't doing anything else..she would sew. She would sew at night.

D.S.: Yea. And that was hard to do when there wasn't the light..electricity.

R.K.: Yea. I wonder how she done it with them old lamps and lanterns.

D.S.: Yes. Right.

V.K.: But you know back in them days you just didn't pay no mind to lights. You was so used to them.

D.S.: That's right.

V.K.: That you..the electric lights didn't shine like electric lights but you didn't pay any mind to it. You just thought that's the way it's suppose to be.

D.S.: Yea. Were there many dances?

R.K.: Not too many..sometimes now and then you would ... dance.

D.S.: Where would people hold them...in their houses..barns or...

R.K.: At home..sometimes at home. And I hear'd them sometimes have a yard dance and they'd ...at school..when Christmas time come most of the

time they'd have a dance and some kind of a little party there you know. Have a party this guy..the girl would want to cook a cake.

V.K.: Have a box party..sell these girls boxes and whoever bought them got to eat with them.

D.S.: Right. Yea.

R.K.: Got some big money out of that too you know.

D.S.: Sure.

R.K.: Would be two or three would want to eat with that girl. Man spends a lot of money for a women, *don't he*. Yes he has.

D.S.: Do you recall any of the tunes that were played at these dances?

R.K.: Oh, yes. I tell you..uh..Turkey in the Straw..oh uh some of them real fast...

D.S.: Golden Slippers?

R.K.: Yea, Golden Slippers. That's right. And Ole John Henry..Old Joe Clark...

D.S.: ~~How~~ does that go..do you remember?

R.K.: Yea. Old Joe Clark was a good old man..

V.K.: ~~How~~ does it go? You say it. Come on

(No, I'm shy..)

Come on.

Rock Rock old Joe Clark.

(The ball bat's *round*

Old Joe Clark..I'm gonna leave this town.)

I have a record of that.

D.S.: You do?

V.K.: (It's chipped..)

I know it has a chip on it.

(Yea, down old Joe's house. *He wasn't around*
I sat in a big old arm rocking chair..and rocked til he got home.
Rock, Rock old Joe Clark..I'm going to leave this town.

D.S.: Oh, that sounds cute.

V.K.: I have a record..I don't know if you remember this or not...But
Floyd *Collins*

D.S.: No.

V.K.: Well I have a record of that. And one of Old Mary *Lagin* . They
are old records..real old records.

D.S.: Yes.

V.K.: Old Mary *Lagin* got killed. She worked in a pencil factory. Some-
body killed her. and this man.. Floyd *Thomas*
and they never could find him see..

D.S.: Did you ever hear that tune uh Fox Chase or Fox Hunt?

R.K.: Yea, Fox Chase..Yea.

V.K.: Fox ~~Trot~~ wasn't it?

D.S.: Fox Hunt or Fox Chase.

R.K.: FoxChase. Yea. We had a record of that one time, too.

D.S.: You don't have that now.

R.K.: No, when we burnt out..I think that's when it got burnt up..the house
got burned down, on us.

D.S.: I have been searching for that tune...searching. I want it for the
records of the Park.

R.K.: Now Old Joe Clark..I used to know all of that. Used to sing it right
much. You know..we get out sometimes and have a drink of moonshine
and everybody would start singing, you know. Yea.

D.S.: Sure.

(Did ya'll ever have the song Mule Train?)

D.S.: Yep..uhhuh.

V.K.: Little black mustache.?

D.S.: Yea.

R.K.: Old walking cane. Get away ole man..get away.

V.K.: My daddy hated that record.

D.S.: There were a lot of wonderful tunes. They really were. I wish they would all come back...because they are foot tapping kind of music. They are really good.

V.K.: Yea, uhhuh.

R.K.: I tell you there was another good old one too I've heard my dad pick. It was uh..Run Nigger Run..The Federal will Catch You. That was a fiddle piece and a banjo piece. It was fast you know.

D.S.: Yea. Uhhuh.

R.K.: Nigger run..old nigger flew..that nigger tore his shirt ^{IN TWO} into..It was a good one.

D.S.: Go ahead. Finish.

R.K.: I don't know...Run nigger run..federal will catch you..run nigger run.. you better get along. I didn't know the thing..my dad used to pick it with a banjo and great day and Red Wing that was another one. Yea Red Wing.

D.S.: Oh yes. Yea Red Wing.

(I liked Yellow Rose of Texas)(That was a good one..that was an old one too)

V.K.: Red Wing is older than that one though.

(I know I like Yellow Rose of Texas...I know that one)

D.S.: How about...speaking of the Yellow Rose of Texas..always makes you think of the War Between the States. Did any of your family go into the

Civil War?

V.K.: Your Grandaddy..

R.K.: My Granddaddy.

D.S.: Your Granddaddy

R.K.: Yes Mam.

D.S.: How about the Revolution...

V.K.: That was the one he was in...

R.K.: I reckon it was. The Revolutionary War..Yea. That was the one he was in. The Revolutionary War.

D.S.: Do you know where your family came from?

V.K.: Scotland..Scott-Irish..

D.S.: Scotland. You are one of the few who knows. When did they come?

V.K.: Oh Lord...

R.K.: I don't know..it's been years and years ago...

D.S.: I know. Well I was just wondering if maybe the story had been handed down in your family as to how they got here.

V.K.:

R.K.: I'm not sure now..You know the old people..they talked amongst themselves about so and so..somebody they know but you know..the children didn't know too much about it. Some people lived close together and they didn't know they was kin..that's the way it went back...cause they didn't talk too much..say they was kin..then a lot of them would call cousins..now they used..my mother's people they used their names as cousin. Be cousin Tom, Cousin Dick, Cousin Fanny and the colored still keeps that up. But the white don't they hardly ever say Aunt ;and Uncle. They just call them by name.

V.K.: We used to call the old colored people Aunt and Uncle.

D.S.: Yea. Right. It seems a shame that the people did come here..we know that they worked their way here somehow..and there is no record of how they got here. And yet there must have been grim determination. Now I..now from Scotland..I'm going to live in the same type area, as I have lived when I was in Scotland. And these mountains are very similar. So it was determination to get there. How..how did they know the mountains were here. You know that's the thing...

V.K.: *In the library I heard there is* A book of Virginia and this books tells you that they'd come over and then they'd go back and bring some more...on a raft or a boat and one time the Irishmen whipped someone in New York .. I don't know .. anyway it was a big fight they had up there *I don't know when*. Where is that book baby? Where is that book of Virginia? Bring it here and let's see it.

R.K.: Well one thing is a puzzle to all of us. Now they say as I can understand back in history..Columbus was the first one that sailed here. But the Indians was here then..Where..where did they..

D.S.: Well that's the thing we'd love to know too. Right.

V.K.: *Eve* was born of a woman..a white woman she had twins..she had a red man and a white man..

R.K.: That was put down before.....and the uh..just ...

V.K.: But you know I think they done the Indians wrong..and they still...
this history

R.K.: And a lot of *^* here *^* is not true..it's just something someone thought of. And it's not true. And no *way they can* ~~we didn't~~ prove it's true.

But just Tom Dick and Harry adding to it, and taking away from it and *skinning something* ~~showing~~ apicture of what this was and they never seen it and they didn't know what it looked like.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Well I think a lot of ~~Scots~~ came over here because they had been backing Bonnie Prince Charlie and so their lands were ^{now}convacated..therefore they had no other place to go and so they came over here to this country and I imagine that's when your family came.

R.K.: May have been.

D.S.: Because the Scots were ^{very} strong in backing Bonnie's Prince Charlie and of course he was Scotch too. And so they lost their land, and I imagine that's how they came, but the thing is how did they come into these mountains. That's what I want to know.

V.K.: Well this book of Virginia..I don't know if it's right or not, it says they'd go back to get food and stuff and they'd bring somebody back with them.

D.S.: Uhhum. Yea. Right. Well is there anything you can add to your CCC work, that you did? Were they a nice bunch of fellows to work with?

R.K.: Well, let's see. Yes, I got along with all of them. Got along with all of them. And we had some beer parties up there, at that time. Had dances there too. I never danced any..I drank some of the beer. I reckon the first time I got there, they had two or three there and at first it was draft beer .. you got *your mess* in cup. I got it and poured it out..couldn't stand it .. little bit too bitter. The next time they had it in bottles and I got enough in me .. I think there was ome of the boys used to bring moonshine there and sell it too.

D.S.: Oh sure. The mountain people were there.

R.K.: Yea, the mountain people would bring it up the mountain..Some Dodson's lived near there..I didn't see the home or nothing but they used to

have a great big log pen there and they'd get the garbage and feed the hogs with it. I went by there with somebody to help take garbage down there one day..yea..one Sunday I went over there with him. Didn't go about too much. I worked hard and was tired evenings. And Sunday Saturday come..sometimes I was on KP there one time, and I was on guard at night once..on a Saturday night. But that was the only two duties that I did pull.

V.K.: Had to march in ^{Winchester in} Apple Blossum one time.

R.K.: Yea. Marched in a parade one time. Yea, over in Winchester.

D.S.: Yea. I think Dodson was one of the moonshiners wasn't he?

R.K.: Oh yes, Dodson was a moonshiner.

V.K.: And he still moonshines. They do.

D.S.: They do?

V.K.: Over here at . They got a place over here they call...

What is the name of that Hollow called...Beer Hollow . *They sell*
moonshine up in there.

R.K.: Hazel Top ~~low~~ too.

V.K.: Hazel Top too. They got moonshine up in there too. That's all they ever done is moonshine.

D.S.: Uhhum. I do know it was good stuff. Very good. It was pure. They were proud of it and you could tell each ones liquor by just the taste of it. Yea.

R.K.: Yea..I lived..when I lived over here in Fauquire County my uncle John Kenney he bought a place from a Smith and it was..they made whiskey there called it a Brandy House. Well they keep his brandy ah, a great big old rock..I bet you it was that big..in the tunnel that went out to lock the door..It must have been somewhere's around

two inches wide and a half inch thick or more and a great big old key and they fold it up like a knife..big ring and it folded right up just like shutting up a pocket knife and they called it the brandy house. Now I don't know..I reckon it just naturally rotted and fell down. Cause the house burned down. That was made out of logs and *chinked* with stones and ~~plastic~~ And later it was weatherboarded. Stripped and weatherboarded. And it was an old stone chimney there and her boy tore that chimney down and I forget how many snakes he said he didn't get out of it. He built a new one. He built a house there. He tore this old chimney down and he said it was full of all kinds of snakes. But that was a snaky place in through there. You'd have a *thunder* storm and you'd go out..the sun would come out and pretty near every rock you'd see an old copperhead sticking out of it.

D.S.: Um. You know there aren't as many snakes and copperheads as there used to be...

R.K.: No mam there isn't. They tell me the deer killed them.

D.S.: I think it's the deer...Yea.

R.K.: They say the deer killed them. And it used to be another old snake called a spread head moccasin. He'd stand up about that high and he would spread himself as wide as my hand. Down a third of his body and just lick his tongue out and blow. Sounded like ssshhhh. And lick his tongue out, but I don't see them things anymore. I never did see but a few of them.

D.S.: What was it called?

R.K.: Spread Head moccasin.

D.S.: Were they near the water or something? *R.K. no they was* ~~So they was~~ dry land. Yea.

R.K.: No they was dry land. Yea. They was something like the color of a house moccasin we called them. Some of them called them a grass snake...I think.

D.S.: No grass snake are harmless.

R.K.: No cotton mouth..some called it cotton mouth. Cotton Mouth Moccasin.

D.S.: Oh, Yea.

R.K.: Maybe the moccasin ain't there because I uh..I got a snake book it shows you the picture but older people had things named. Most every snake was a copperhead..now he was a copperhead moccasin was always called when I was a boy. And a house moccasin and a water moccasin but now they call them uh what did I tell you . . Cotton Mouth. Cotton Mouth.

D.S.: Yea. Cotton Mouth.

Did you know Colonel Koch? with the CCC's.

V.K.: He hadn't been too long died.

D.S.: No he isn't dead.

V.K.: He isn't dead yet.

D.S.: No.

V.K.: Colonel Cook lived in Front Royal.

D.S.: No. K O C H. is the spelling of it.

R.K.: I knew a Lieutenant Koch.

D.S.: Same one. He's now Colonel.

R.K.: Oh he was a hot tempered son of a gun. Great day..tall slim person.

D.S.: Yea.

R.K.: Yea. I knew him. I tell you he came in that mess hall one morning.. the uh..I think I was the one that built the fire..it was a great big old coal stove you know and I never built a fire in a coal stove.

So the guy told me that uh..had been on watchman at night. He told me what time in the morning to start the thing. Well I went ahead and started it..thought I had the thing doing alright and if it didn't burn too hot I'd stick some more kindling wood in it and the head cook come up there and he said all are ya'll going to be late this morning for breakfast .. said the fire ain't hot and ~~this~~ is going to be expensive..he was taking lard and putting in it you know to get it hot. He was telling the older boys..I never said a word because I knew what it was..I was going to eat when the rest of them did anyway. But some of them had pretty big mouth you know..been there for a long time..maybe 18 months..I think that was about as long as you stayed and some of them had to leave and they got to hollaring when do we eat, when do we eat and so made the cooks mad and I think he told the lieutenant and he come up there and really cussed them out. Says I'll pull this here damn badge off and fight any of you. *Bars off* Heck a big man..stick down in his pocket. And some of them would have done it. You know, but just didn't want to have a record of fighting. I never said nothing

I never went there because I never said nothing. I never opened my mouth because I knowed when they got it fixed I would eat. It was my fault I didn't have the fire hot..now that was it.

D.S.: By the way did you have anything to do with tearing down any of the houses?

R.K.: No mam. I didn't.

D.S.: You didn't. With the people that did..because I know a lot of the CCC's had to tear...

R.K.: Oh yes mam.

D.S.: Did you ever hear of any of them finding any momentos in those houses?

R.K.: No mam. No, I never heard nothing about any...

D.S.: Because Colonel Koch was saying that some of the CCC boys and he had some..had found some hessian buttons and British buttons tucked in the *chinks* you know between the logs.

R.K.: Yes mam. No I never heard, that.

D.S.: And I was just wondering..trying to follow that up as much as I could. I believe Colonel Koch..I think he's a very reliable man..

R.K.: Oh yea. I imagine he is

D.S.: Now where did you get acquainted with him at.

D.S.: At the CCC reunion.

V.K.: They had a reunion the 24th of October.

D.S.: Remember I told you about that. And I forgot to bring the program.

V.K.: That's what they are going to do. Have a reunion. To see...

R.K.: I had a picture of a bunch of old..the whole CCC Camp No. 1 men and my house burned down and it burned up..oh great long picture like that. We was out in the field..and had it taken. On a moving camera it revolved.

D.S.: Yea. I saw that.

R.K.: I went back up there a couple times but they done tore them barracks down before I got back up there. But I've been over there ~~two~~ or three times...and crushing rock out there and now..I put gravel..I didn't put gravel but I taken a rake and uh graded..leveled them out. See. John Ash my foreman, he was uh..I was in his gang and he called me Kenny all the time. He said Kenney how you going to level them things out to get them to show without big humps. I said well give

me some two by fours and I'll string them out and I'll rake at them from this two by four to that and I'll take them up and go to the next and I'll set more. So he was very well pleased with the way I did it. He wanted me to stay on there, but when the six months was up I was never away from home nohow. So I just decided to come on back .. it was apple picking time anyway..it was September. I become 21 the 20th of September .. my mother sent me a birthday cake, but it done shook all to pieces time it got there..but me and the boys finally did eat it up..the crumbs.

D.S.: Gee. Well, those were nice times, weren't they.

R.K.: Yes, it was a pretty good bunch of boys I thought in the barracks I was in. It was..you didn't have friends like you know with everybody It was just some that you went around with more than you did others. We'd go around up on the mountains sometimes on a Sunday. Walk around a little. Then I'd do my washing on Sunday's.

D.S.: Did you ever go into town on Saturday night?

R.K.: Saturday..night..a couple times.

D.S.: Yea. into Luray.

R.K.: Yea, went there a couple times.

D.S.: Doc Blevins lives in Luray now you know.

R.K.: I don't know him now.

D.S.: Well...Harley Blevins...

R.K.: Blevins..that was the doctor in the CC camp.

D.S.: Right. And he moved to Luray because he said everyone had treated him so nice that when he got out of the CCC's he just moved into Luray.

R.K.: Yes, I remember him. Looked like he'd had chicken pox's on his face

at one time. He had some pimples...

D.S.: I didn't notice it. But a nice guy..awfully nice fellow.

R.K.: And I'll tell you another guy that was in the CC camp..some of his people up there..Long. *Beahm*.

You know that Bid Meadows and Beahm had a fight or something there I think I've been told..way back

V.K.: Was a Beahm killed Meadows.

R.K.: Yea. Was a Beahm in that CC camp. And he must of knowed something about it because he was a telling about where he went round to..I think they called it White Oak Canyon was sort of a waterfall there. And he had pictures taken of it. He went round right much. He must have been a little bit wealthy..He come from a wealthy bunch of people cause I think he had acar and he would dress up and riding boots and stuff like that. See you only had..only clothes they give you there is what uh...

V.K.: They withdrew *the charges* They had a record of him.

But they had a picture
up at Big Meadows where he killed her at.

R.K.: It was a camp at Big Meadows..then I think the first camp was called Roosevelt Camp down about at Grottoes..Grottoes..wasn't it.

D.S.: Uhhum..Grottoes. Uhhum Yea.

R.K.: Yea. Grottoes.

D.S.: Well gee, I sure appreciate all this information you have been simply beautiful and wonderful. You have helped more than you know.

R.K.: Well I'm glad that I could. Now why do you do this? It's uh none of my business.

D.S.: Oh, yes indeed it is your business and in fact I told you.....